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SONGS,
DUETS, CHORUSSES, &c

IN

Who Pays the Reckoning?

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

IN

TWO ACTS.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

HAY-MARKET,



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, AND W. DAVIES,
STRAND.

1795.

S O W G S

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MAY - MARKETS



LONDON:
JAMES T. GARDNER AND W. DAVIES,
STRAEND.

1872

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The King,	-	-	<i>Mr. Caulfield.</i>
Albert,	-	-	<i>Mr. Palmer, Junr.</i>
Edward Musket,	-	-	<i>Mr. Bannister, Junr.</i>
Matthew Blubber,	-	-	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Martin,	-	-	<i>Mr. Benson.</i>
Old Man,	-	-	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
Driverent,	-	-	<i>Mr. Burton.</i>
First Constable,	-	-	<i>Mr. Ledger.</i>
Second Constable,	-	-	<i>Mr. Waldron, Junr.</i>
Serjeant,	-	-	<i>Mr. Cooke.</i>
Emily,	-	-	<i>Mrs. Bland.</i>
Mary,	-	-	<i>Miss Leak.</i>
Smalltap,	-	-	<i>Mrs. Booth.</i>



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Confield.	-	-	The King,
Mr. Palmer, Junr.	-	-	Albany,
Mr. Bannister, Junr.	-	-	Edward Mallet,
Mr. Farwell.	-	-	Matthew Blubber,
Mr. Benson.	-	-	Martin,
Mr. Croft.	-	-	Old Man,
Mr. Barton.	-	-	Diverent,
Mr. Lodge.	-	-	First Constable,
Mr. Walsden, Junr.	-	-	Second Constable,
Mr. Cook.	-	-	Sergeant,
Mr. Blane.	-	-	Emily,
Miss Lee.	-	-	Mary,
Mr. Booth.	-	-	Smallop,

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Who Pays the Reckoning?

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IN TWO ACTS.

ACT I.

SONG—EMILY

WHEN ceased the cannons rattle,
Then soldiers walk the plain,
To number, after battle,
Their friends and comrades slain.

11.

The fatal action over,
Full many rise no more,
Full many a gallant lover,
Lies welt'ring in his gore.

SONG.—EDWARD.

/a
 It wanted but little of candle light,
 The boys of the village, their work laid by,
 When in there tumbled, to halt for the
 night,

A gallant, marching, Company,
 O their colours did wave, and their mu-
 sick did play,

The Serjeant parlaver'd about recruiting,
 He spoke like a friend, so by break of
 day,

I pack'd up my all, to follow their tooting.

II.

Ten miles in the morning, we marched
 right on end,

My feet sorely galled, I sat down to repose,
 When, who, should come up, but the
 Serjeant my friend,

And he took me a terrible rap on the toes.
 O the way it was long, I was ready to drop
 But the Serjeant my friend, was for drum-
 ming and fluting,

He was close at my tail, when I wanted
 to stop,

And beat time on my back to their damn-
 able tooting.

The

III.

The Serjeant, he to'd me, that glory was
sweet,

And the honour of heroes recorded in story;

I'd the honour to march, all the skin from
my feet,

And thump'd black and blue, I appeared
in my glory.

O, such honour and glory, I got 'gainst
the foe,

Stuck up like a mark, for the enemy's shoot-
ing;

The story'll be long, that records every
blow,

Which fell on my pate, when I follow'd
their tooting.

SONG—MARY.

A spruce little Drummer, so bonny and
gay,

My parchment, at least, every day I shall
drub,

To the sound of the fife, we will both
march away,

And wake all at morn, with my rub adub,
dub.

II.

If drummer don't suit me, a fifer I'll be,

Or shoulder my musket, as boldly as
you;

No two in the camp half so jovial as we,

As we jig it away to my too too, too too.

III.

We both shall live safely, I'll venture to say,
No danger, or fight, e'er our courage shall
rub,

For if danger approaches, we'll both run a-
way,

And leave at a distance, the rub, adub,
dub,

S O N G.—MATTHEW.

When Darby and Joan,
 Were made bone of bone,
 And the honey moon was scarce
over yet, yet, yet,
 Why Darby he was told
 That a Goblin fierce and bold,
 Walk'd by night at his garden
*wick*ket, ket,

II.—

But one night the Ghost came in,
 Darby trembled for each sin,
 And in bed he did shiver,
 And did freeze, freeze, freeze,
 But Darby wonder'd most,
 When Joan said unto the Ghost—
 There lies Darby, well bitten
 By the fleas, fleas, fleas.

. II

III.—
 This Ghost all pale and wan,
 To be civil then began,
 And to Joan he gave many good
 Salutes, lutes, lutes,
 And Darby star'd to see
 With his wife the Ghost so free,
 That she help'd him to pull off his
 jack-boots, boots!

But

/ boots!

IV.

But very soon the joke,
 Darby did begin to smoke,
 When he saw what the Ghost was
 about, bout, bout,
 So egad then up he jump't,
 And the Ghost he boldly thump't,
 And quicker than he came,
 he kick'd him out, out, out,

SONG—EMILY.

A poor little gypsey, I wander forlorn,
 My fortune was told, long before I was
 born;
 So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,
 And in search of my love, I am lost on
 my way.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

II.

I fear from this line, you have been a sad
 man,

And to harm us poor girls, have form'd
 many a plan;

But beware, lest repentance too late, cause
 your pain,

And attend to the lesson I give in my
 strain.

Spare a halfpenny, &c.

DUET.

DUET.—MARY and EDWARD.

MARY.

Your hardships I shall ne'er endure,

A sorry foldier, Sir, be sure.

You'll ever find in one like me;

Tho' bid to march, retreat, advance,

I thus should turn me round and dance.

Fal-lal-la, &c.

EDWARD.

Alike, when bidden to the fair,

How all your country folk would stare

If any girl should dance with me;

To see me thro' the ranks advance,

And thus in martial measure dance.

Tol-lol-lol, &c.

MARY.

If foldier I should ever be,

To all your steps I must agree,

And march it thus as well as you.

EDWARD.

And I, when welcom'd to your fair,

Must do like other people there,

And dance and jig, and foot it too,

BOTH.

Thus each conforming to the other,

By ~~turns~~ we'll dance and march together.

FINALE.

DUELL—MARTIN EDWARD

FINALE.

Tune a merry roundelay,
 Let us blythe and happy sing;
 This is friendship's holiday,
 Joy and freedom's song we bring,
 Let's in mirth our hours employ,
 Hours that are so quickly flown;
 None but those we now enjoy,
 Can we ever call our own.

END OF ACT I.**ACT**

ACT II.

SONG.—MARY.

NEAR yonder hamlet, in the vale,
In peace my father's bones are laid,
Oh ! listen to my artless tale,
For I am poor, and need your aid.
Misfortune's 'lorn and helpless child,
I early to yon meadows fly,
And there I gather bow-pots wild,
Or thro' the streets of London cry
Ground ivy, &c.

II.

Tho' friends and parents all are dead,
Yet he who gives the nestlings food ;
Will feed my wants, will give me bread,
And keep me in the path of good.
Tho' some with art my beauty praise,
And strive my innocence to buy,
I'll keep me still in virtue's ways,
And still to every call reply
Ground Ivy, &c.

DUET.

DUET—MATHEW and MARY.

MARY.

2 /
When you're grown bold and rich in wars,
When you're all covered with wounds and
scars,
Then you may take me for your bride,
And the wounds of my soldier shall be my
pride.

MATHEW.

If I can't find a ditch, to lie in, safe hid,
If I'm forc'd to fight battles, which Heaven
forbid;
I warrant you'll never let me come high,
Or look at a lad, who has lost one eye.

MARY

Oh I'd love you better if you was one ey'd,
Since then I could always find out your blind
side.

MATHEW.

Or pray would it do your love any harm,
If in fighting a battle I lost an arm?

MARY.

DUET.

MARY.

Ah no! for if quarrels to blows should run,
You know I cou'd then give you two for
one.

MATHEW.

Or what in the fight if I lost a leg,
And went stumping about on a wooden
peg.

MARY.

There's nothing a man can so handsome
make,

As loosing a leg for the nation's sake.

MATHEW.

Why lord I am certain I never could fight,
If the shot didn't kill I should die of the
fright.

Pray what would you think ~~of~~ my fortune
so led,

That in fighting one day I should loose my
poor head.

MARY.

Oh then you'd be dearen by far than before,
Since I never could after find fault with you
more.

BOTH.

Oh then, &c.

EMILY.

D

FINALE.

FINALE.**MATTHEW.**

If I should have a wife to keep,
 I ne'er should lay me down to sleep,
 But what at future I shall peep,
 And think who'll Pay the Reckoning.

MARY.

Tho' we shall have no time to play,
 I warrant we shall live right gay,
 And both will work hard every day,
 To try and Pay the Reckoning.

EDWARD.

Since over now is every care,
 And little Emily is here,
 I hope there is no cause of fear,
 To think who'll Pay the Reckoning?

EMILY.

(19)

EMILY.

No matter so we get a crust,
I find upon our friends we must
For kindness and protection trust,
That they will Pay the Reckoning.

CHORUS.

No matter so we get a crust, &c. &c.

THE END.

(12)

FINIS

No matter so we get a cross
I find upon our hands we must
For kindness and protection must
That they will pay the Reasoning.

CHORUS

No matter so we get a cross, we get

THE END